STATE HIEROGLYPHICKS:

OR,

CALEB Decipher'd.

CONTAINING

An exact Account of the new Edition of the *Craftſman*; the famous *Frontiſpieces* prefixed to the reſpective Volumes, and their Explanation. Remarks on the *Preface* to the *People*; and a Tranſlation of his celebrated *Motto* from *Tully*.

Good Caleb—*ſpare thy* Pictures *Verſe and Proſe*,
Whoe'er deny'd—*what all thy* Labours *ſhews*,
R—n's *a* Rogue—*and all the World it knows.*

LONDON:

Printed for *E. Rayner*, next the *George* Tavern, *Charing-Croſs*, and ſold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*. 1731.

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STATE HIEROGLYPHICKS:

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AS there are abundance of People who are great Lovers of Books and Reading, and yet from their Situations in Life, can find neither leiſure nor opportunity to indulge themſelves, in the peruſal of but a Tythe of thoſe that are publiſhed. Learned Men have, in compliance with their Taſt, compoſed Literary Journals, in which are contained the Plans of ſuch Pieces as

beſt deſerve Notice; ſo that thoſe that have not time to read, or Money to procure the ſeveral Books that come abroad, may from theſe be let into their Deſign, and become acquainted with their Uſe.

As *Politicks* ſeem to be the Subject peculiarly in favour with us at preſent, ſo the Writers on it are become ſo very numerous, that I have for a conſiderable time paſt had it in my Head, that a Journal of their Labours, publiſhed at proper Intervals, under the Title of the *Review*, would be a Work at once uſeful, and acceptable to the *Publick*. At laſt therefore, I have determined to make a Trial; and, as a *Specimen*, intend to conſider at preſent the new Edition of the *Craftſman*, with all its extraordinary Decorations.

The Writings of that Author are of ſo excellent a Nature, and have been publiſhed in ſo eaſy a manner, that to endeavour at an Abridgment, or even to form a Character of his Lucubra-

Lucubrations, would be entirely ſuperfluous. I ſhall confine myſelf then ſolely to what relates to the preſent Edition, which, as its ſeven Volumes, render its Price too great to be every Body's Money; ſo the enigmatical Frontiſpieces before each, ſet it above an ordinary Reader's underſtanding. His *Dedication* is to

The People of England;

and the Terms he treats them with, is Friends, Countrymen, and Fellow Subjects. The intent of it is to lay claim to their Patronage, in favour of a Work which was undertaken for their Sake, is continued for their Service, and has in its Courſe received many Marks of their Approbation. I muſt however beg leave to obſerve, that ſome Part of the Apology contained in it, might methinks have been omitted, ſince, in my humble Opinion, it is a Point out of Diſpute, that every *Engliſhman* has a right to examine the Si-

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tuation and Management of Publick Affairs, and to expreſs his Sentiments undiſguiſedly about them. 'Tis conformable to that reaſonable Submiſſion which by Law is due to our Government; it has been the practice of all Free People, and it has been, and I hope ever will be, the glorious Inheritance of all *True Britons*.

Having touched the Dedication, let us paſs on to the Conſideration of the Prints that adorn the ſeveral Volumes, and which, as I do not find they are in themſelves thought criminal, ſo I hope there will be no Attempts made to conſtrue my Explanations into Libels.

Before the firſt Volume, is repreſented in the chief Point of Light, a *Prince*, who, from the Poſture he is in, with his Hand upon a Book, which is held out to him by an *Eccleſiaſtick*, ſeems to be taking a ſort of Coronation Oath; and at the ſame time fixes his Eyes ſteadily

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on an extraordinary *Phænomenon* in the Air, in which is ſeen flying two Scrolls, inſcribed *Magna Charta*, and *In hoc Signo vinces*, which may be tranſlated, *Under this Banner thou ſhalt conquer*. Had this been invented by a miniſterial Wit, 'tis a thouſand to one but Warrants, Commitments, Informations, or PREROGATIVE in Capitals, had taken Place of the *Great Charter*; and it would have been taught as a Fundamental Maxim of their *Politicks*, that the greateſt *Victory* that can be obtain'd is over the *People*. I ſhall carry my Obſervations on this Piece no farther, becauſe I would not leave Room even for an Inuendo relating to *MAJESTY*. I am ſenſible how much it's all our Duties to *fear God*, and *honour the King*; and ſee, with concern, the Inſults offered to the firſt by the *Atheiſtical* Writers of the Age, and the Liberties taken with the latter, by the Hirelings of his M—r.

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The ſecond Frontiſpiece cannot but entertain its Beholders. Its principal Figure is *Harlequin* with a *Blew String* about his Shoulder. By his Phiz, and the Poſture he is in, I could not help thinking it reſembled an old Friend of mine, at *Chelſea*, whom I remember to have ſeen with the ſame heavy Countenance, lolling in his Arm'd-Chair in a green Night-Gown; I was confirmed too, when I perceived him making a Preſent of his Soul to the Devil, but ſoon retracted that Opinion, when I diſcovered that that Burnt-Offering was indeed the Nation, as is evident from the Fuel he lays out to ſet it on Fire, *viz.* Warrants, Informations, *&c.* which are taken away by an ill-look'd Groteſque Figure, repreſenting the *Devil* of a *Meſſenger*, and who is, I preſume, to act the *Faux* upon this Occaſion. The next thing appears in the Repreſentation, is a Fellow who looks like a *Spaniard*, and is buſy fingering

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ing the Gold under *Sir Harlequin's* Noſe, who ſeems to be ſo much taken up between *Belzebub*, and the Service he is to do him by *Proſecutions*, that he don't ſo much as heed him. This may be ſmartly done for all I know; yet, I think, if inſtead of the *Spaniard* there had been a Group of Figures ſcrambling, or at leaſt a Perſon dreſs'd in half the Faſhions of *Europe*, the likeneſs had been much truer. The laſt Piece we ſee is an aukward ſlouching Fellow behind Backs, who from his drowſy Countenance, and hanging his Hand like a Booby, I take to be our Brother *Doodle*, tho' he has not the Fools Coat of the Family on. I cannot paſs over this ſecond Volume, without a Word or two with relation to its ſeparate Dedication, to a *certain Great Man*. As Mr. *D'Anvers* is more than ordinarily ſmart in this Piece of Reſpect, I was in ſome pain at firſt for poor *Dicky F——n*, in caſe this ſame

Prodigy of Greatneſs ſhould be out of Humour at it. But a Friend of mine ſoon releaſed me from this Apprehenſion. Pho, *ſays he*, Man, this is no new thing; I remember the Days when *Fac Totum* himſelf was in Neceſſity, and a Scribbler for Bread to a Party. He then, do ye ſee, took Offence at complying with P—'s Penſioners to a Miniſtry, and ill conducted Treaties. Upon which, do ye mark me, he popp'd out now and then a Red-hot Pamphlet againſt the Great Men of thoſe Times, and maul'd them off tightly. Particularly once upon a time, when he was offended only with a Parliament, he publiſhed Six pennyworth of Invectives from the Shop of his old Friend *T. W.* in which he treats them like a Pack of Raſcals, and truly if all he ſays be true, they deſerved it. But here comes the Cream of the Jeſt, he dedicates this ſame Pamphlet to a noble Lord, whom he would have ye believe, was their Leader and

Pay-maſter of their Penſions, and that in Terms ſo like them made uſe of by *Caleb*, that I am in hopes this Dedication might paſs at leaſt for a *Father-in-Law* to his upon a proper Occaſion.

In the opening of the third Volume we obſerve a Printing-Preſs, and ſeveral Perſons employed about it; while as Concomitants of its Freedom, *Peace*, *Plenty*, *Juſtice* and *Liberty*, are ſeen with ſmiling Countenances near them. This is evidently a well choſen Emblem, and a very expreſſive Repreſentation of what is contained in the following Pages, which are full and inconteſtable Reaſons why the Liberty of the Preſs ſhould be ſupported, for the Benefit of the Nation, and an ample Diſcovery of the private Views of thoſe, who while they cry *Hoſanna!* to Freedom, are daily labouring to crucify and deſtroy it. My Friend before-mentioned, informs me alſo, that he is perſuaded this will never give Offence

to great *R*—, becauſe 'tis a Point he himſelf ſtrained his Throat about formerly, and exerciſed both with greater Licenſe and Impunity than any Body has done ſince.

You cannot imagine, how much Satisfaction I received at this Account, ſince I perceive 'tis not the Man's Heart, but his Places, that makes him what he is; ſo that there is ſome hopes of his becoming Honeſt again, if he does but 'ſcape hanging, and is *Turn'd out*.

The Frontiſpiece to the fourth Volume, is one of the moſt ſhining Pictures in this whole Collection. Yet notwithſtanding the excellency of the Painting, *Conoiſſeurs* I find, differ in their Opinion, as to the Place, ſome taking for one of *T—y C—r*'s at the *C-ck P-t*, and others affirming it to be a private Room, in the Palace of *Ar—n-ſtreet*; for my part, I incline to think they are both out in their Conjectures, and cannot for my Life get it out my Head, that

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it is the very Room at *Chelſea* where I uſed formerly to ſee my Friend I mentioned, in his green Night-Gown; and I am confirmed in my Sentiments, by obſerving that the Proſpect from the Window ſeems to be a Garden. But let this be as it will, the Action repreſented here is a large *Boureau*, on which two Perſons, one of which ſtrongly reſembles my Friend aforeſaid, are counting out large Sums of Money to People, whom I at firſt ſight took from their Belts ty'd croſs their Shoulders, and the ſervility of their Countenances, to be top Servants in a Family, receiving their Wages, and juſt equipp'd for a Journey into the Country. But what ſtumbled me here, was, that the Chaplain ſhould be introduced on this Occaſion, and that too by a Miſtake, certainly of the Painter, in the Habit of a Biſhop, with his ſquare Cap in a Poſture, as if he intended to make a Sweep of all that is on the Table,

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and leave the reſt, to make their beſt of the Steward. But while I was labouring to get to the Bottom of theſe Difficulties, and had called in ſome Gentlemen, who have skill in Paintings, to aſſiſt me, we unlucky perceived a little thing that ſeem'd to be a Badge, with theſe two Letters *R. W.* upon their Shoulders. This increaſed our quandary ſo far, that after fifty Conjectures, that were unſatisfactory, we had determined to leave the Diſcovery to *Caleb* himſelf, and break our Brains no longer about it; when luckily in comes my good Friend and Intelligencer, who cleared up *R—n's quondam* Character for me. Pho! pho! ſays he, you are all as Dull as the *M———*, I think. Don't you ſee that the Letters are to be read as from the Point of Light, and then they are *W. R.* the meaning is certainly, that they are in, is, or ought to be *Bridewell*.

The Company ſmiled at this Elucidation, which, if it did not hit the inten-

intention of this Capital, may probably prove a Hint for the engraving another, which, like the Frontiſpiece of a Tragedy, may repreſent and ſhew the poetical Juſtice of its Concluſion.

I cannot omit obſerving, how well the Characters are expreſſed in this Draught; the foremoſt Perſon on the Right-hand of the Table has ſomething of the Countryman in his Aſpect, and looks as aukwardly in his gay Trappings, as a *Yorkſhire* Booby in a Town Livery; he behind him, ſeems to me to have an extream likeneſs to a certain ſnuffling Lacky, like an *Orator* of my Acquaintance, who has an inceſſant itch at Chattering, and an admirable knack of making bad worſe, by his attempting to defend it. He who brings up the Rear is a Fop in a Cue-Wig, and an embroidered Waſtecoat, the fooliſh Stupidity of whoſe Countenance, marks him out for a meer *Yea* and *Nay*, whoſe Dreſs and Impudence are the

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ſole Titles to his Penſion. But the greedy Rapacity of my L— the Parſon, is the moſt entertaining Part of the Piece, the Vehemence of whoſe Action, may, I hope, be placed amongſt the groundleſs Aſperſions on the Clergy.

Having gazed thus long on the Story of this Hiſtorical Painting; proceed we on to the fifth fine Picture, in our Political Gallery. This is indeed a ſtanding Beauty, and is like to continue with ſome ſmall Alteration of Perſon, the Repreſentation of a certain Country's Condition, for longer than I dare Prophecy. We ſee here a large Ballance, on one Side of which ſits a venerable Perſonage, who appears by his Garb to be of the ſecond Order of the Popiſh *Hiarchy*; under his Feet you perceive the *Britiſh* Flag; and in his Scale lies an Anchor, Trident and Sceptre, things which ſeem much too heavy ever to be weigh'd up by the Loads of Paper, Scrolls, entitled,

H-n-v-r

H-n-v-n Preliminaries, *Seville* Acceſſions, Ratifications which a pitiful, dirty looking Scoundrel, is continually throwing in on the other Side, under whoſe Feet, as the proper Fruits of his Adm——, you may behold a ſtrutting Cock crowing over a ſleeping Lyon, who, in ſpight of all his Noiſe, ſeems to doze on in a preter-natural Slumber, whoſe Roar, whenever he wakes, 'tis odds will make *ſome People* tremble.

I cannot in Juſtice however, but take notice that the Reverend *Politician*, while he tramples on the Maritime Enſign with his left Foot, ſeems privately to keep his right Toe in the Scale next him; whether ſuch Tricks as theſe againſt ſo unequal an Antagoniſt, may not and indeed ought not, to prevent our truſting to that ſo remarkably rotten Staff, the (*Fides Gallica*) any longer, I leave to better Judges.

We are now drawing towards a Cloſe. The *Anti-penultimate* Curioſity in this Collection, is a triumphant Arch, towards the upper End of

which, enthroned in Clouds, ſits a heavy ſleeping looking Divinity, with its Eyes ſtrut; a proper Poſture indeed for the Work it is about, *viz.* beſtowing on a Fellow, whoſe Villanies have diſtinguiſhed him with a —, a Ducal Coronet, ſurmounted, by way of Creſt, with a Fool's Head, Cap and Bell on't; behind ſtands a Figure jeering and making Mouths at him, whom by her Behaviour, were it not for ſome particular Circumſtances, I ſhould be apt to take for the People of *G-- B--*.

I muſt not paſs by in Silence the Manner by which this Dignity is obtained; Monſieur *Ruperto* urges his uſual Argument, a long B--y; and by the help of that, ſeeks to aſcend the ſteepy *Pinnacle* of Honour; but as the Rock under him appears ſharp and craggy, and the Divinity is in a doze that guides him, 'tis not impoſſible, that ſpight of all his Money, his Steps may be ſlippery, and one ſhort Trip ſend him headlong to the Bottom, like a Predeceſſor of *Sejanus's*.

I make no queſtion but my *Readers* will obſerve how often, and on what occaſions, this ſame *Don D*---- finds a Place in theſe *Paintings*; in the ſecond you find him with his own Cloaths on; in the fourth you view him in his proper Vocation, proportioning out his Bribes; in the fifth he acts the *Siſyphus*, and is employ'd in a never-ending Labour; in the ſixth, before he makes his *Exit*, you behold him indulging his Vanity, and offering up his ill-got Wealth for a Title.

The ſeventh ſeems to repreſent to us its Author, compoſing of the *Craftſman*; a *Divinity* reaches *him* his *Pen*; the Scene is a Study, and we ſee before *him* a Paper with theſe Words, *The Spirit of Liberty*, while another Goddeſs is drawn aiding and encouraging his Labours. The *Picture* looks (to me at leaſt) as if it referred to the Reſolution taken by Mr. *D'Anvers* on this Publication, and in theſe Words expreſſed, in the End of his Dedication to the People.

I ſhall conclude with aſſuring my Countrymen, *that I am determined to proſecute this Undertaking with the ſame Reſolution of Mind, and Inflexibility of Conduct, as long as the original Motives to it continue, (if God ſpare my life ſo long) or as long as we are able to ſupport ourſelves againſt that Weight of Power, which hath been ſo induſtriouſly employed to cruſh us.*

Such is the firm and generous, the fixed and glorious Intention of Mr. *D'Anvers*, to perſevere in ſerving his Country, and almoſt ſingly to oppoſe himſelf againſt a Torrent, which has either carry'd with, or born before it, all who have attempted to ſtem it.

Thus have I, in ſome meaſure, performed what at ſetting out I propoſed; I have examined the moſt material Things that diſtinguiſh this *Edition* of the *Craftſman* from a rare Collection of the *Papers* with that Title; give me leave to add farther, ſince I have room, that as the preſent Age reaps the Benefit of ſuch a Monitor, ſo fu-

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ture Times ſhall entertain a much better Opinion of us than we deſerve, from the Merit of his Lucubrations, which will certainly ſurvive, after all the ſlaviſh Declamations againſt him, ſhall be extinguiſhed and forgot.

But what encreaſes the Value of theſe Volumes, are the many curious *Pieces* that make up the ſeveral *Appendix*'s, which will be of infinite Service towards writing the Hiſtory of the *Preſent Times*. The *Treaties*, the *Convocations*, the *Preliminaries*, the *Pacifications*, and all the other *Treaties* that for ſo many Years have been palmed on us inſtead of *the Peace*, will be here ſeen in their true Light. The Opinion of the *Britiſh Nation*, as to their own *Condition*, and the Reputation they held with *neighbouring States*, will from hence be known; and the Virtue and Goodneſs of the *Prince* will from hence be diſtinguiſhed from the *Weakneſs* of his Miniſter.

But above all things, will the *political foreſight* of Mr. *D'Anvers*, and

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his Aſſiſtants, be ſo conſpicuous, who have foretold the very minuteſt Events conſequent from our *Meaſures*, even before they were taken; who may juſtly Glory in having adviſed their *Enemy*, and prevented him from running down *Precipices* headlong; who have pointed out over and over the only Method of Retreat, and which, if their *Antagoniſt* has of late purſued it, all the World muſt perceive 'tis owing to their Council; who rejoyce at the Convert they have made, and are glad if at laſt he will but endeavour to do well; in fine, who are undeſirous of Applauſe, and who aim at nothing by their *Writings* but the *Publick Benefit*.

Who then, will Poſterity ſay, oppoſed them? Are there not always Engines of *Power*, who are ready to undertake any thing, and for any *Party*, that will but *Pay* them? And was there ever yet an *Age* ſo virtuous, as not to produce them? Ours, I am ſure, produces them in plenty; theſe Tares, theſe Weeds, are ſure to grow up amongſt

mongſt all Corn, and a zealous *Patriot* will as certainly meet with *ſelf-intereſted* and *corrupt Opponents*, as a ſtrict *Philoſopher*, or a pious *Divine*, find many averſe to their *Doctrines*, and who ſcorn to be their *Diſciples*.

But never any Author of *this kind* has *received* ſuch Uſage, as *him* of whom we are *ſpeaking*. Such frothy *Apologies* for *their Patron*'s Conduct; ſuch notorious *Outrages* on the *Liberties* of *Speaking* and the *Preſs*, ſuch cruel and ſcandalous *Aſperſions* invented and publiſhed againſt thoſe, whom they were pleaſed to ſuppoſe wrote, or even aſſiſted in *carrying* on *this Performance*, are Arts hitherto unheard of, and ſuch as will, I hope, never be *revived again*. Should ye ſtill preſs me for the Author of theſe *Enormities*, I muſt beg your excuſe, amongſt other Reaſons for this; that I have only Space enough left for the Motto Mr. *D'Anvers* has choſen, and for which, *if it* ſhould be thought a *Libel*, *Cicero* himſelf muſt anſwer.

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The guilty *Cajus Verres* is called to answer; a Man from the Conduct of *his Life* and *Actions*, in the *Opinion* of all condemn'd; from the Assurance placed *in his* Wealth, and *his own* Boast, absolved. I have not, my Lords, from the desire and expectation of the *Roman* People prosecuted *this* Cause, that I might augment the *heinousness* of the *Crimes*, but that I *might wipe* off the Scandal from the *Publick*. I accuse to you a Man, your Judgment against whom will oblige the *Roman People*, and give satisfaction to other *Nations*; whom, as a Robber of the Publick Treasure, the Troubler of *Asia* and *Pamphilia*, the Perverter of Publick Justice, the *Pest* and *Plague* of the *Sicilian* Province; if you should religiously and according to Law pronounce Judgment, it would almost transcend the Bounds of your Authority; but if the vastness of his Riches strike a Damp on that Severity and Strictness you ought to use; I require at least that his Acquittal be laid at the right Door.

F I N I S.